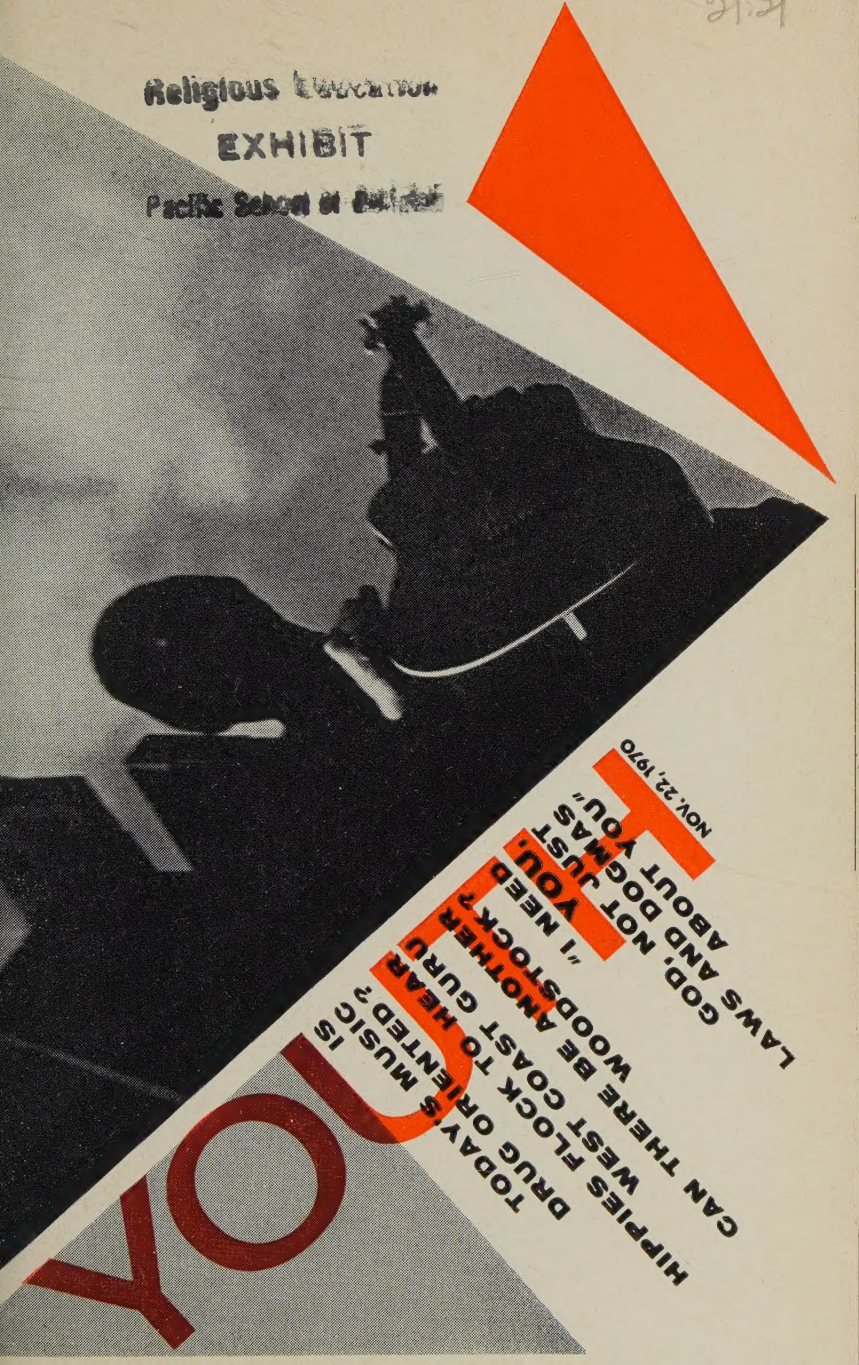


Religious Education  
EXHIBIT  
Pacific School of Religion



NOV. 22, 1970  
LAW'S AND GOD, NOT JUST  
"I NEED  
YOU.  
HIPPIES FLOCK TO HEAR  
TODAY'S MUSIC  
CAN THERE BE ANOTHER  
WOODSTOCK?  
WEST COAST TO HEAR  
GOD, NOT JUST  
ABOUT YOU"

YO





Mark Banfield:

**can there be  
another  
WOODSTOCK?**

**Woodstock: The dawning of the Age of Aquarius. Reaching out to others: living, loving, caring, sharing. Woodstock certainly brought Home to a lot of young people. They demanded more along the lines of peace, freedom, and togetherness. In a lot of places things began to happen. FESTIVAL became the name of the game and a counter-culture began to build in earnest.**

Then came Altamont, a West Coast disaster in which a man was stabbed and beaten to death, allegedly by a group of "Hell's Angels" which had been hired to protect Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones. A man allegedly too high to know what was happening. A man whom, the photographers pointed out, had been wandering nude among the crowd, unaware of the possibility of incurring the momentary hatred of a violent mentality. Somehow, in the dimness of a drug-infested night, Festivals died with him. Here and there their shadows remain: like the addict convinced of his own expanded awareness they stumble pathetically into the arms of their killers.

One music critic has accused Mick Jagger of not knowing "the seriousness of his own lyrics about violence. He's not a true revolutionary, but a millionaire who uses the adulation of panting, hungry crowds to feed his exaggerated ego." How typical is

Mick Jagger of the rest of us? How typical are Woodstock and Altamont to the fabric of our generation? What has been happening to the attempts to bring back the magic of the mud and the music, the hunger and the sharing? Can there be another Woodstock?

**What happened amid the mud, music, and magic of the Woodstock music festival a year ago? Why have most festivals since flopped? One response comes from Mark Banfield, 17, of Horseheads, N.Y., who was at Woodstock.**

The Woodstock Festival was well planned. Its promoters were concerned with people and wanted to promote peace and love with their music. Even after a \$2 million loss John Roberts, the president of Woodstock-Ventures, Inc. said, "It was certainly worth any financial trouble we may be in."

At Altamont the intention of the



"Like pied pipers, the musicians of the festival called to their followers the country over."

promoters seemed to be to give the crowd the Rolling Stones . . . and the crowd had better like them! The audience was looked down upon as something unmanageable: riot-prone, ignorant, drugged, good-for-a-buck.

The outcry now at the mention of the word Festival comes hard and fast. Ordinance! Petition! Injunction! The words sub-culture and counter-institution are being generally misused to label anything connected with long-haired youth and anti-establishment thinking.

There are millions of people included in these labels. What's really being petitioned, music festivals or the idea of so many "misfits" getting together to proliferate their "counter-culture"? Maybe the answer lies at Powder Ridge. There was a lot of fury and genuine disgust at the realization that, music or not, the people would come.

Festivals have suffered an ideological degeneration in the eyes of a lot of people with the influx of kids, especially of high school age, who have misinterpreted the lesson of Woodstock. Jonathan Eisen has said that "much of the hippie movement in America today is largely an ego-trip fed by the music industry and glorified by its own ideology, with an acid strain of selfishness." There's a lot of truth in his statement. A lot of kids are pretty confused



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and

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covery might hurt, Mr. Eisen, but it shouldn't hurt to say what is true. Injustices must be known if they are to be changed: they should be shouted. For there are reasons for the great gravitation of young people together. Too many of us are being dehumanized by confusions of concrete, noise, ugliness, and a lack of self-respect. The sculptor Brancusi said that when we are no longer young we already are dead. Only the young recognize the truth of his words. Physical health is necessary to mental health. A sense of continuity with the past is essential to sanity. Yet so few people have managed to pull down anything to believe in.

When Woodstock happened, it came as a surprise not only to established societies. Like piers, the musicians of the original festival called to their followers the country over and many who responded felt that they were

verging, a vastly multiplying crowd of thousands. They were not alone! The dissension and the dissatisfaction was felt by young people the world over and their binding force was the birth they were witnessing. Just maybe it wasn't us—maybe it was the world that was wrong.

Woodstock could only happen once. It was a dawning, just a beginning—the first signs of a new spring. But because Woodstock, the Festival, won't be repeated is not to say that Woodstock, the Nation, will die. A generation has made a commitment in a world where commitments are hard to come by. Thousands of kids have experienced a tiny taste of truth . . .

**"Festivals have degenerated because Woodstock's lesson has been misinterpreted."**



the truth that Love will work. The road ahead is the toughest that we could have chosen. Because the statement that Woodstock can't happen again is a testament to its success.

The world is enmeshed in complexities. Truth in all its simplicity can be overpowering to those unfamiliar with it. And when people are confused and frightened they cling to absolutes... to the Timothy Learys and the Spiro Agnews. The vultures have settled in upon the festivals; the money-grubbers, the sensation-seekers, the death-peddlers of Horse and Speed. But the truth of Woodstock is free now. It's growing in the minds of a million kids.

Police all over the country, faced with rising crime rates and shortages of men and money and a dozen irrelevant laws have found it easy to condemn the Music Festival. The establishment has

"When people are confused and frightened, they cling to absolutes—to the Timothy Learys and to the Spiro Agnews."

for helping my generation understand as nothing else could the oppression of the Black man in America. Apparently there is nothing so satisfying as the mutual smirk, the agreed-upon existence of "Them", whoever they might be, whether overtly threatening or just different looking. Nothing quite so deadening to the mentality as being deprived of the opportunity to repay your old man for "knowing more than you" by fathering sons who really do know more. Nothing so blinding as believing that your idea of Reform is the real thing. Nothing so frustrating as arranging your world in a tight little package only to find yourself standing in the midst of strangers who couldn't care less about that tight little package.

next 10 years are ours, even if Kent State is repeated on every campus in the country.

It would be so easy if we worked together. We agree on a lot of the things we want. The real problem is that Adults think kids are simplistic and kids can't be bothered jousting with windmills. When a thing should be stopped, we're going to stop it. The fact of what we may lose in the way of political spoils makes me laugh. There is a very large element of organized crime in this country, and it is supported more solidly than any President ever could be supported by precisely the fear that is trying to hold kids down. The idea that certain forms of corruption are a necessary part of good government... the willingness to "grease the wheels" of expediency rather than to in-

Well, the old order changeth

because its means are changed. If you can't



"Youth are drawn together because too many of us are being dehumanized by confusions of concrete, noise, ugliness, and a lack of self-respect."

own special brands of criminal. The fact is that within a few years, with proper planning, the minority will be technologically able to provide for the majority. If our priorities are on the humanities, this polluted upside-down, suffering, dying globe can begin to shine.

Each baby born has such an unbelievable potential for good and happiness. We must learn to listen and consider. The idea of a "generation gap" is absurd when placed in the context of a billion years. We are all here together, now. We must abolish the terrific pressures of Time and Decision and Speak-Up or Be-Trampled-Over. The slowest minds have come forward with statements of beautiful truth. The greatest geniuses have made the greatest mistakes. What I am talking about is LOVE. Consideration of others based not on "fire and brimstone" nor on social pressures, but on the fact that a



"A generation has made a commitment in a world where commitments are hard to come by. Thousands of kids have experienced a tiny taste of truth—that Love will work."

man cannot be truly at ease knowing that another man is suffering.

The things that make man the most miserable are the things man himself has created. Disease and death are far from pleasant, but they're small compared to a life without love. Man needs a place in the world. Something to come home to. This is what Woodstock reaffirmed to thousands of young people.

The rise of Hard Drugs and Subculture Caterers is an unfortunate result of an insecure minority. It is tragic to realize that the hopelessness that is finally being brought to the attention of so many adults is caused by the same things that kept it only a few years ago limited to the dead-

makes men want to run away. Student rebellions began for a large part because of the vast, impersonal centers of "rote" mass-querading as colleges and universities. Why was it so hard for the establishment to recognize this dissatisfaction when they, at the same time, were experiencing the mass-production of "the man in the gray-flannel suit"? When did the term "breaking" a horse displace the term "taming" a horse?

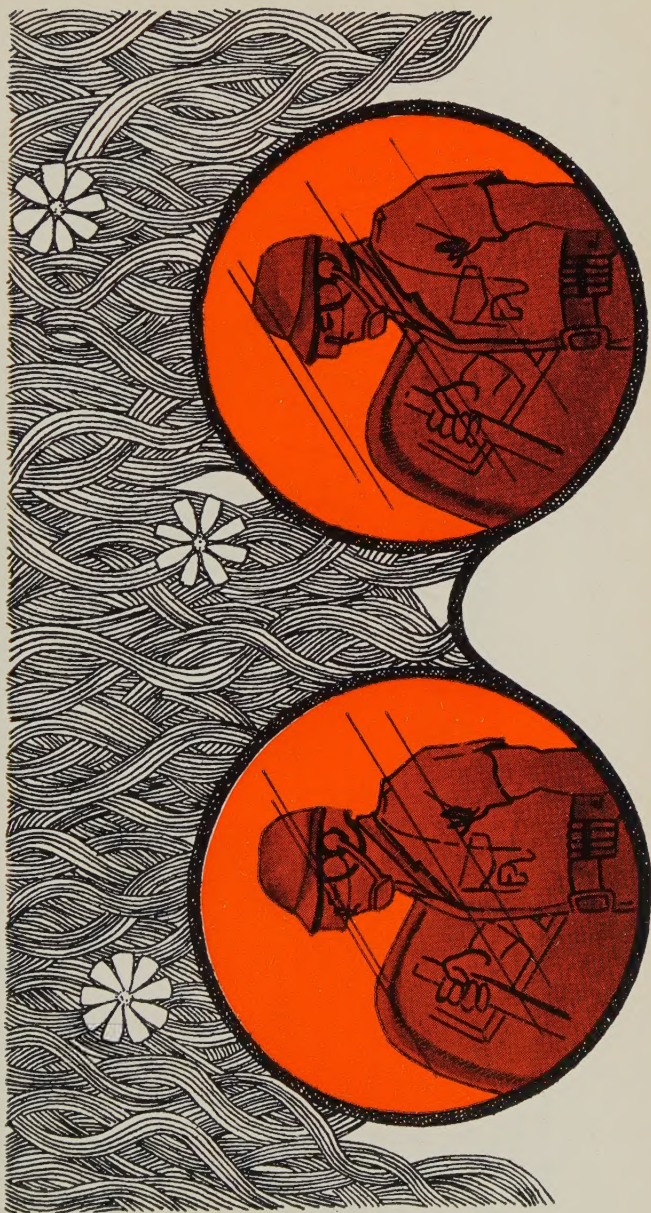
What has happened to individualism, to creativity? Why are we mutilating nature, our one solid link to the past? Why have the canyons of chaos that become our modern mass-institutions been built without respect for intelligent restraint?

tend to change. It is never enough to demand the change . . . it is up to us to live the change. Impatience must grow clever; outrage must become wise. The battle between truth and ignorance is more vital than any physical battle. Physical battles are only Results; ignorance is Cause. We need to find new leaders—not to lean on but to learn from and be inspired by. The attack against Festivals is eliminating and limiting some major gathering places of young people. Kids with leadership potential are being divided. Many are staying away.

I know I speak for many of the citizens of Woodstock and of the world when I speak of hope for progress in all those areas which make life something worth living. There are sure to be more music festivals as long as there are people with the money to back them and kids with a love of music. And perhaps one day a Woodstock Festival will be held again



we intend to change. It is never enough to demand the change . . . it is up to us to live the change. Impatience must grow clever; outrage must become wise."



look me up in your funk & wagnalls

garbled

fiddle-fiddle

BALDERDASH

mish  
mash  
mush

gag & gag!



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## BY NICHOLAS JOHNSON

Do we live in a "drug culture" largely promoted and spread by rock music via the communications media? Vice President Spiro Agnew, in a speech in Las Vegas several months ago, cited part of a Beatles' song ("I get high with a little help from my friends") as but one example of how U.S. youth are being "brainwashed" into drug use. Nicholas Johnson, a member of the Federal Communications Commission, replied several days later at a symposium of the U.S. Information Agency in Washington, D.C. Making clear that he, too, is against anyone urging the use of hard drugs, Mr. Johnson says the reasons for increasing drug use are much deeper than rock music lyrics. His address follows:

Earlier this week Vice President Agnew revealed that even he has been listening to rock music. I don't think this should be cause for panic—even though *he* does. I think it holds out some promise. The Administration may just find out what's happening in the country.

Mr. Agnew now seems to think that music is the cause of (rather than the relief from) the pressures that lead people to use hard drugs. Perhaps we can understand and excuse this rather fundamental error as he came down from his first trip, but we can fairly hold him to a high standard in the future.

The Vice President has asked us to "Consider . . . the influence of the drug culture in the field of

music. . . . [In] too many of the lyrics the message of the drug culture is purveyed." That's where he makes his mistake. No song writer I know of is urging as a utopia a society in which the junkie's life is a rational option. Most would agree with his suggestion that dependence on hard drugs is "a depressing lifestyle of conformity that has neither life nor style."

Listen to the music:

*Your mind might think it's flying*

*On those little pills.*

*But you ought to know it's dying*

*Because . . . Speed kills!*

© 1968 by Metric Music Company, N.Y., N.Y.

That's Canned Heat in "Amphetamine Annie."  
Here's Steppenwolf, singing about "The Pusher":

*You know I've seen a lot of people walkin'  
around*

*With tombstones in their eyes*

*But the pusher don't care*

*If you live or if you die*

*If I were the President of this land*

*I'd declare total war on the Pusher Man . . .*

© 1964 Lady Jane Music

Or listen to the Rolling Stones' "Mother's Little Helper," because they're really trying to help you understand what your generation's problem is, as well as giving the kids some good advice:

*There's a little yellow pill  
She goes running for the shelter  
Of her "Mother's Little Helper"  
And it helps her on her way  
Gets her through her busy day  
And if you take more of those  
You will get an overdose  
No more running for the shelter  
Of a "Mother's Little Helper"  
They just help you on your way  
Through your busy dying day.*

© 1966 ABKCO Music Co.

There is comparable advice in Love's "Signed, D. C.," "Crystal Blues" by Country Joe and the Fish, and The Who's "Tommy."

# Total War on The Pusher Man

No, the real issue, Mr. Vice President, is not the desirability of hard drugs. The issue is whether





after the repressive, absurd and unjust forces in our society that drive people to drugs. Since you've suggested that "we should listen more carefully to popular music," and quoted from "With a Little Help From My Friends," I'd like to lay a few more lyrics on you.

Listen to Steppenwolf's "Monster":

Once the religious, the haunted and weary  
Chasing the promise of freedom and hope  
Came to this country to build a new vision  
Far from the reaches of kingdom and pope

The spirit it was freedom and justice  
Its keepers seemed generous and kind  
Its leaders were supposed to serve the country  
But now they don't pay it no mind

'Cause the people grew fat and got lazy  
And now their vote is a meaningless joke  
They babble about law and order  
But it's all just an echo they've been told

The cities have turned into jungles  
And corruption is strangling the land  
The police force is watching the people  
And the people just can't understand.

Copyright 1969 & 1970 by Trousdale Music Publishers, Inc., N.Y., N.Y.  
Written by John Kay and Jerry Edmonton

# Some Body's trying to fill you something

Or Hal David and Burt Bacharach's "Paper Mache"  
for Dionne Warwick:

*Can we be living in a world made of paper mache?*

*Ev'rything is clean and so neat*

*Anything that's wrong can be just swept away*

*Spray it with cologne and the whole world smells  
sweet*

*There's a sale on happiness*

*You buy two and it costs less.*

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Here's some musical commentary about what the  
major campaign contributors (Democrats and Re-  
publicans alike) have done to America—Joni  
Mitchell's "Big Yellow Taxi":

*They took all the trees*

*And put them in a tree museum*

*And they charged all the people*

*A dollar and a half just to see 'em*

*Don't it always seem to go*

*That you don't know what you've got*

*Until it's gone*

*They paved paradise*

escape. They are actually encouraging the drug  
life and profiting from it. Senator Frank Moss has  
observed that: "The drug culture finds it fullest  
flowering in the portrait of American society which  
can be pieced together out of the hundreds of  
thousands of advertisements and commercials. It  
is advertising which mounts so graphically the mes-  
sage that pills turn rain to sunshine, gloom to joy,  
depression to euphoria, solve problems and dispel  
doubt."

And the former Chairman of this Administration's  
Federal Trade Commission, Casper W. Weinberger,  
has noted that, "Advertisements for over-the-coun-  
ter medicines may be a contributing factor in drug  
abuse problems in the United States." (TV ran  
almost \$20-million worth of ads for sleeping aids  
alone in 1969.)

Our entire consumer-manipulating economy is based



You see, Mr. Vice President, somebody's trying to tell you something—"And you don't know what it is . . . do you, Mr. Jones?" (To quote Bob Dylan.) These music people aren't really urging death through drugs; they are urging life through democracy. They believe that governments are instituted among men to promote "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." And many don't think yours is doing it.

As the Chairman of the Bank of America, Louis Lundborg, said recently, "What [young people] . . . say they want doesn't sound so different, you know, from what our Founding Fathers said they wanted—the men who wrote our Declaration of Independence, our Mayflower Compact, the Bill of Rights, the other early documents that laid the foundation for the American Dream. They said they wanted the freedom to be their own man, the freedom for self-realization. We have lost sight of that a bit in this century—but the young people are prodding us and saying, 'look Dad—this is what it's all about.'"

But this is not all. It's not just that corporate, governmental and other institutions have turned away from our original goals, and that they have created conditions that stimulate the desire to

found in a product, preferably one that is applied to the skin or taken into the body. It has so distorted and demeaned the role of women as to make it almost impossible for either men or women to relate to each other in other than a sex-object, manipulative way. It has educated our children to go for the quick solution, to grow impatient and disinterested in developing skills and solutions requiring discipline and training. And it has urged us all to seek "better living through chemistry."

**AND HOW  
DOES YOUR  
GARDEN  
GROW?**



**"If we're really serious about doing something to alter the drug culture in America, let's get on with the work and stop worrying about the music."**

The Vice President is going after the song writers. One cannot help but wonder how he overlooked Ford's urging "blow your mind." TWA's taking us "up, up and away," the honey company that suggests we "get high on honey," the motor bike company that advertises "a trip on this one is legal," or the Washington, D.C., television station that promotes its programming as great "turn-ons." Perhaps the critical point is that young song writers and performers don't make political campaign contributions, but that Ford, TWA, and other drug-image merchandisers do.

The Vice President might better turn his attention to the corporate campaign contributors (of both parties) who finance their fat campaign donations with the profits they make from worthless or harmful drugs, and from cigarettes and alcohol that first "addict" and then kill hundreds of thousands of Americans a year.

The Vice President has urged each of us to do our own part, to "set an example" within our own families. How about the "political families" of the major political parties? To what extent is the Vice

President's own party prepared to refuse to accept contributions from (or do special favors for) those politically influential corporate interests that feed, and feed upon, the artificially-induced thirst for drugs, pep pills, tranquilizers, alcohol, cigarettes, and other contemporary commercial "panaceas"?

The Vice President has pointed with pride to what the Administration has done to crack down on "drugs." But what has it done to deal with our number one drug problem, alcoholism? It is, perhaps, symbolic of the basic hypocrisy in government today that he chose Las Vegas as the battlefield to attack drugs. For the only thing that flows faster than the gamblers' money in Las Vegas is alcohol. There are estimated to be at least five million alcoholics in this country. There are more alcoholics in San Francisco alone than there are narcotics addicts in the entire country. If you're interested in "law and order," one-third to one-half of all arrests by police in the United States are for chronic drunkenness. More Americans are killed by drunk drivers every year than are killed by murderers and the war in Southeast Asia combined. And, of course, the economic loss through absenteeism, the physical damage to the body (cirrhosis is the sixth leading cause of death; psychosis due to alcoholic brain damage is irreversible), and the impact upon family and friends are far more severe from al-



Or how about nicotine addiction? There are 300,000 deaths a year related to cigarette smoking. What is the Vice President doing to cut down on these pushers? One recent survey found that of seventh graders, only 30 per cent of the boys and 40 per cent of the girls had never tried tobacco. There are a lot more kids who are being exposed to drugs because of the deliberate efforts of greedy, immoral television and tobacco company executives to hook 'em on nicotine—executives who are revered as the pillars of our society, and whose activities are sanctioned by the Federal Government—than there are those who get pot "with a little help from their friends."

So who's kidding whom? If we're really serious about doing something to alter the drug culture in America, let's get on with the work and stop worrying about the music. Let's not indulge the hypocrisy of going after the drug users who are poor, black and young with a vengeance, as if they were criminals, without even providing them adequate treatment centers, and ignore the far more serious problem of the hard-drug pushers (of alcohol and cigarettes) who are respectable, rich and middle-aged. Let's stop accepting the campaign contributions of the "respectable" liquor manufacturers with one hand while we're imprisoning some of our



finest young people with the other.

Above all, let us stop going for help to advertising executives who sit around, after their three-martini lunches, coming up with ad campaigns that preach the get-away-from-it-all qualities of caffeine, nicotine, aspirin and other pain killers, alcohol, stomach settlers, pep pills, tranquilizers and sleeping pills (plus the whole range of mouthwash, deodorant, cosmetics, etc.). How, in the midst of the chemical life they've glamorized, can they absolve their consciences by telling our kids that a 16th or 17th chemical will bring the downfall of their lives and

## "The song writers are trying to help us understand our plight and deal with it."

the Republic? They can run it up your flagpole, Mr. Vice President, but nobody's going to salute it.

The forces of censorship are subtle. This Administration repeats and repeats that it is not censoring—just as the Russians did when they rolled their tanks into Czechoslovakia in August, 1968. But when the Vice President starts criticizing television, pretty soon the "analysis" of the President's speeches is watered down or disappears, and President Nixon builds up a record of (free) prime time television usage that exceeds every other prior President. The President shows up on a Bob Hope special; the Vice President opens the Red Skelton show. Now they are moving in on radio. FCC Chairman Burch says he's interested in "obscenity" in lyrics; the Vice President is concerned about mentions of drugs. That's the way you do it. You don't come right out and say, "Cut the controversial stuff, guys. We don't like the people getting that social criticism set to music." Of course not. You talk about obscenity and drugs. But the radio owners get the message: the Administration's listening to them, just like it's watching their big, wealthy brothers, the TV stations.

effort to strike at the real causes of addiction to alcohol and other less prevalent and dangerous drugs, we will find that we have also made a big dent in mental illness, divorce and suicide rates, and other statistical indicia of social disintegration. Let's get on with the job of giving people the physical, mental and spiritual environment they need in order to grow closer to their full potential. That means more money (not vetoes of appropriations) for rebuilding our cities, education, food programs, urban transportation, welfare, job training, and health care. It means more meaningful job opportunity for all Americans—white and black; a meaningful attack on the problems of underemployment and meaningless employment as well as unemployment. It means appropriations for the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, for parks, libraries, and beautification programs.

The song writers are trying to help us understand our plight and deal with it. It's about the only leadership we're getting. They're not really urging you adopt a heroin distribution program, Mr. Vice President. In fact they don't think that you can



tains the lines,

*Do you need anybody  
I need somebody to love.  
Could it be anybody  
I want somebody to love.*

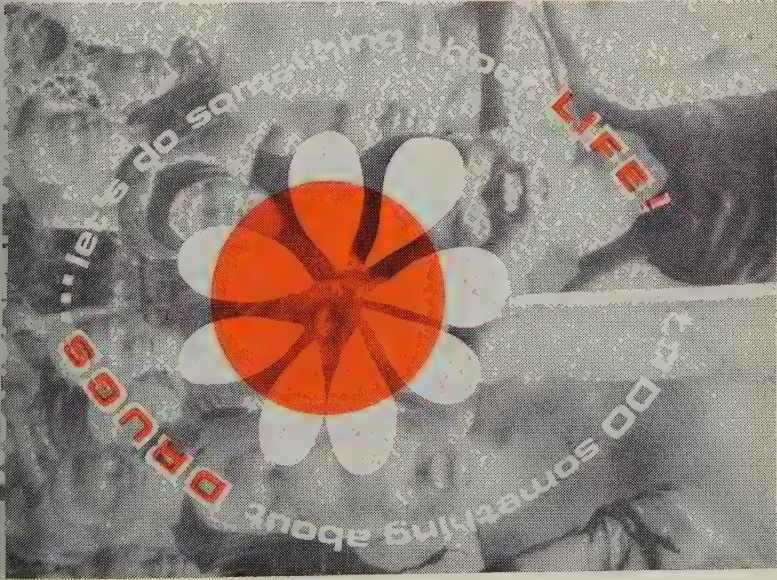
How many Americans seek in drugs the solace from a vicious cruel world they did not create, but cannot escape? What are you doing to change that world?

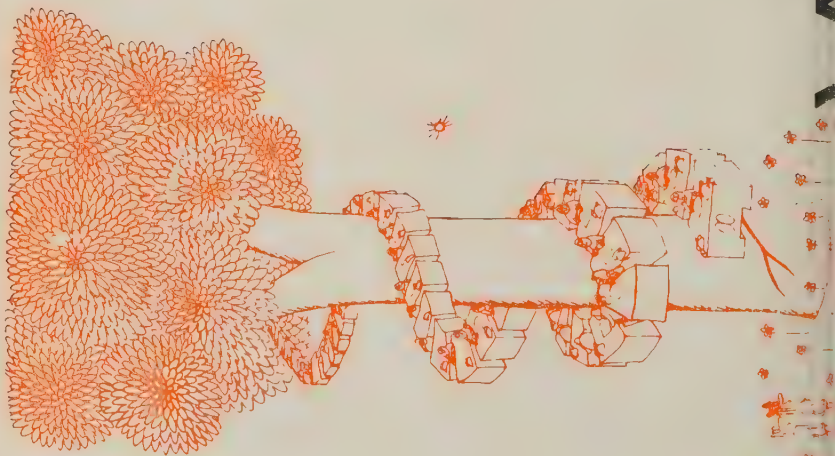
Some song writers are hopeful. In "New World Coming," Mama Cass sings,

*Yes a new world's coming  
The one we've had visions of  
And it's growing stronger with each day that  
passes by  
Coming in peace, coming in joy, coming in love.*

By Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil. © Copyright 1970 by Screen Gems-Columbia Music Inc., used by permission.

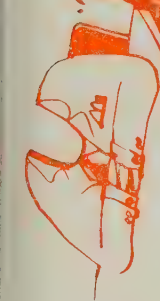
She's holding out optimism. She's giving you a little more time, Mr. Vice President. But we can't wait much longer if history is not to record our presiding over the decline and fall of the American empire—complete with words, music, and a drug culture sold to the American people by large contributors to Presidential campaigns.





From KROKODIL, Moscow





80

PUNCH (Ben Roth Agency)



CORRUPTION

From SIEMPRE! Mexico City (Ben Roth Agency)







# Steve Gaskin: a portrait of a West Coast guru

TEXT AND PHOTOS: STEVE WALL

**When the Church fails to help its youth in their search for a fulfilling life style, non-church teachers often move into the religious vacuum.**

■ Every Sunday at sunrise hundreds of young hippies flock to Golden Gate Park in San Francisco to a worship ceremony conducted by a guru, Steve Gaskin. And each Monday evening 1500 descendants of Haight-Asbury's original flower children, sitting on the floor, pack the rented rock ballroom of the Family Dog to listen to his teaching.

The mystique of Steve Gaskin is a blend of such age-old religious traditions as Buddha, Krishna, and Christ, plus Mr.

Gaskin's own personal insights, spoken in the hip vernacular of his followers.

"Respect for God is the most important thing that can possibly come out of this generation," he states. "You can't define God. It's a problem in set theory. The definition is a set which contains things, but God contains all the sets and theories. It's easier to be God than to see God."

Critics of Steve Gaskin's philosophy may condemn his acceptance of the use of drugs and



sex as ways to understanding spirituality—both considered by him as “holy”—but much of what he teaches is drawn from the traditional world religions and reaches an audience of young adults who have rejected what they feel is the emptiness of the

institutional churches and the phoniness of the mainstream of life in our Western culture today.

Thirty-five-year-old Steve Gaskin is typical of a growing number of self-proclaimed gurus—or teachers—who seem to be filling a religious vacuum among

those youth who—in their search for a fulfilling life style—are grasping for the “straws” of drug experience and euphoria, spiritualism, and conflicting forms of “holy spirit” and “love” And they have withdrawn from the world.

When Guru Gaskin calls his followers to attention with a note blown from a steer’s horn, the hundreds in the hall quiet down. He sits on a rolled-up sleeping bag, legs crossed, back straight, eyes fixed forward. Nothing is said. Then he sounds one continuous note on his horn and the audience begins to hum the same tone. Again there is silence. He commands concentration. Finally he speaks in a strong, but not loud, voice. His sessions are broken by short periods of meditation. When he is silent, no one in the auditorium moves or speaks.

“You straighten up the universe by straightening up yourself,” he says. “That means stop being a materialist and start dig-



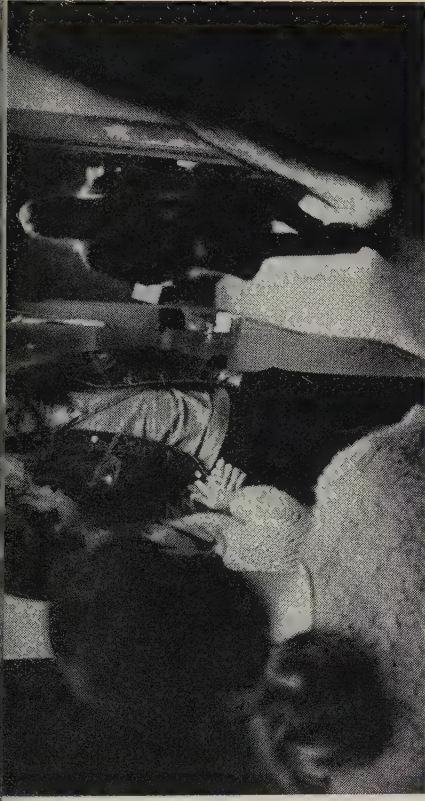
is the most important thing  
that can possibly come out of  
this generation."

ging on the spiritual level; you can't be satisfied on the materialist level." Then silence.

"Control of mental faculties must come first, then electric juice will flow, never the reverse. Put your mind into the void. Then you are not using energy. The body energy will then build up until it overflows into consciousness. What a trip; it broadens your alertness."

A follower objected. "I have been trying your method but I have tried to get electric juice first, then control. But I am still hungry. My mind cannot be convinced that I am not hungry."

The following day the guru made a trip to Oakland to take that 20-year-old follower a 100-pound bag of rice. Someone had given Mr. Gaskin's own family an



extra bag of rice and rather than let it go to waste, he gave it to the couple in need of food. They were existing in a run-down old apartment building.

The Monday night meetings are informal. Everyone is interested in solving the problems that are brought up by the young people. Questions are asked about child-rearing, self-control, cosmic

consciousness, telepathy, drugs, sex, and other concerns.

The three-hour sessions are broken in half with an intermission after an hour and a half. A coat is placed on the guru's platform and young people file past it dropping in coins and bills to pay for the rent of the hall.

Not all gurus, who are popular among the young hippie





Steve and his wife (above) have two children and live with another couple in their 17-year-old bus (right).

seekers, agree with Mr. Gaskin about the aid of drugs in achieving greater spirituality. At the Whole Earth Fair and Peace Festival held last July in Boulder, Colo., Swami Satchidananda of the Integral Yoga Institute challenged Mr. Gaskin when the Swami said that nothing a person does—not even the use of drugs

His family home is an old school bus in which he travels up and down the coast counseling communes and rock groups.



instead of the term high you can call it peace or joy. Peace does not come from outside; it is in you always. Your original nature is peaceful, joyful. But we get disturbed by our wrong attitudes, wrong approaches, wrong doings; so we have to undo those things. So drugs can never help you in the spiritual field. They can give you some temporary relief from your unrest and unhappiness, but not without some bad results. . . .

Drugs cannot give you wisdom. You get that only by slow and steady progress. You refine your thoughts little by little. The more you refine, the more you express your joy, your peace, your divinity, from within. To express your peace is to refine your body and mind. If body and mind are clear and calm, you express the peace."

As reported in the *Aquarian Oracle*, Mr. Gaskin's response to the Swami was that "I do not teach that you should use drugs to hide anything. No human be-

more of the high comes from within. We don't say that you can take a pill and become a Swami. I wouldn't want to devalue the training, love, devotion, and obedience that a man has to learn to do that. That's one of the reasons I quit taking acid."

The Swami asked Mr. Gaskin, "Was it the drug that made you sensitive to people or did you become sensitive yourself?"

"The culture I came from was so materialistic, we did not know the existence of spirit," Mr. Gaskin replied. "What drugs did for me was to show me that there was such a thing as spirit. I've been teaching my followers that you must always remember that spirit is where it's at. Now in our meetings most of the energy I have is given to me by my students of their own free will, because they want me to maintain my state so I can be of use to them. So, my major energy source is my students."

Sharing the platform with these two gurus was also Yogi Bhajan of the 3-H-0 (Healthy Happy Holy Organization). His major comment was: "Drugs do more harm than good. They relieve symptoms temporarily, but then the body has to recoup. . . . All the teachers who have ever used drugs were sick of the society and wanted to get out of it; they wanted something immediate. . . . Basically, people who have got God-consciousness through love, through devotion, through service, through jhana yoga are the fortunate ones; and the others are trying to reach them."

When not teaching in San Francisco on Monday evenings, Steve Gaskin travels up and down the California coast counseling communes and rock groups. An old red, white and blue school bus is his home. His family's only income is from donations from his

**"If you're going to do the revolution, you've got to be non-violent and include everybody."**

flock. He maintains his family is well supplied.

The school bus home is well-kept and clean. All visitors are requested to remove their shoes when they enter the mobile home. The bus itself, particularly the windows, is spotless. It is furnished sparsely with two beds, a stove, a water tank, a cooler, book cases, and a chest for clothing. Two large chairs are placed at the front of the bus.

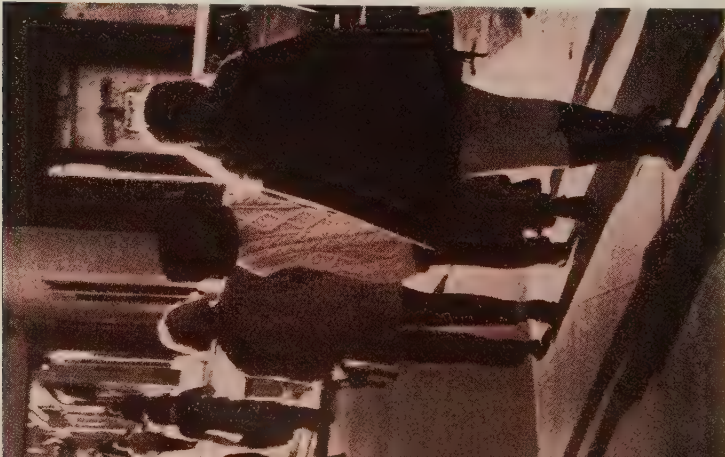
Steve Gaskin's spiritual explorations began when he left the mainstream of life over four years ago. He had been a veteran of the marine corps, having served in Korea in the 1950s. He then entered San Francisco State College where he took his bachelor's and master's degrees in language arts. For two years he taught in the school's English department.

He left the faculty after he

a year." He says that it was during this period that he discovered the spiritual world.

His teaching among the hippies began when he returned to the college faculty to teach an experimental course called "group experiments in unified field theory." The class grew quickly so that he sought larger quarters first at Glide Memorial Methodist Church and later in the ballroom of the Family Dog.

A former agnostic, Steve Gaskin teaches all of life must have a spiritual basis. He believes in nonviolence. He tells his followers, "If you're going to do the revolution, here's the criteria: you've got to be nonviolent, you've got to include everybody—can't say some people are expendable—got to be sincerely interested in the welfare of everyone and in truth. And it's got to be motivated out

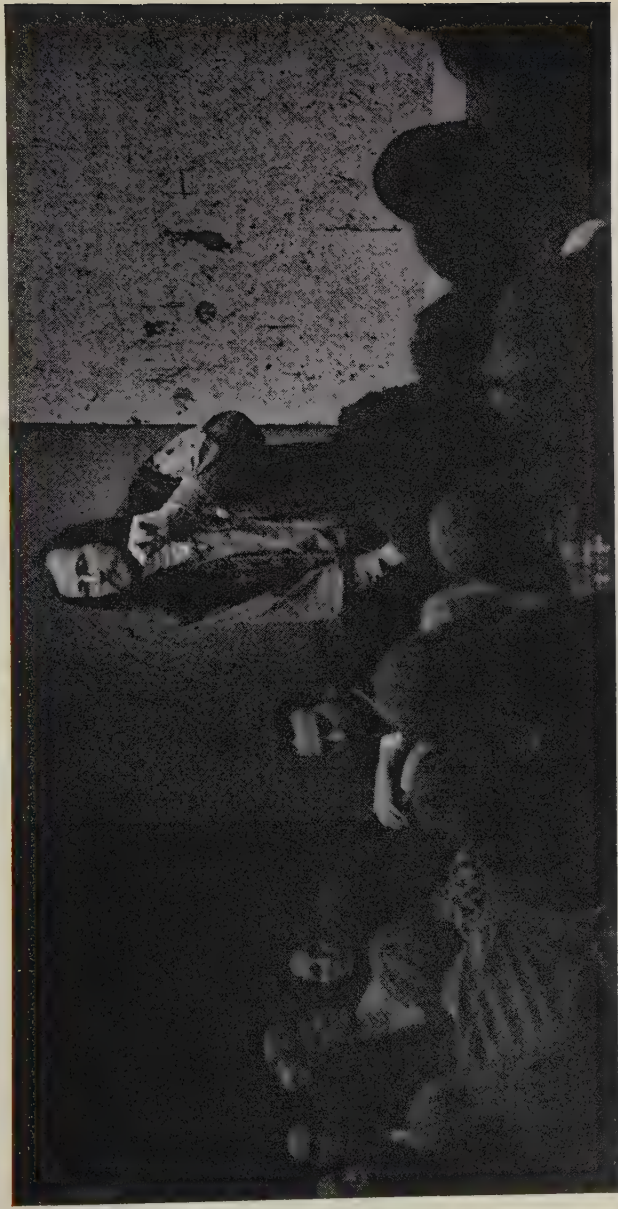




make us forget our disturbed state temporarily. Peace is in you always. If your body and mind are clear and calm, you express that peace. But drugs will not help."

voice for peace.

"I get a full hall of people," he says. "We're still growing and everything else I see is withering."



All material for this article is adapted from "Good Old Plastic Jesus" written by Father Earnest Larsen C.S.R. and published and copyrighted (1968) by Liguorian Books, Liguori, Mo. (Price: \$1.50, paperback.)

# I AM WHAT YOUR BURSTING IS TOWARD!

In a huge, clashing, rushing, city  
A prophet stands on a corner  
in the middle of it all—  
watching.

Not a prophet with a beard,  
calling down vengeance—  
but someone who sees,  
who understands,  
who listens,  
who is one with the life around him.  
... The prophet watches  
taking it all in—  
... the city in motion  
everyone running,  
hurrying.

The city stands before God  
each person offering what he is  
or thinks he has of value.  
It's important,  
everyone  
must offer Something.

... A young man walks forward,  
stands before God,  
before the people. ...  
He throws his arms wide open;  
"I offer you a body that  
wants to dance  
and sometime die  
for something worthwhile,  
I know there IS  
SOMETHING worthwhile.  
A mouth to sing  
or shout about injustice.

tremendous longing.

At times for things without names.  
But they must be.  
I feel them deep inside.

God, I offer you the present  
and the future  
and my flight into it."

... God quietly looked  
at all the people.  
For a long time  
he held the young man  
with his young,  
million-year-old eyes.  
"Greater love

no man has given ME,  
The Precious Gift, Himself."  
God looked full

into the young man's face

what is REALLY happening  
all around him.

and want to be and will do.  
I offer this

is toward!"

## The Living God is a PERSON

The question is  
HOW to make God REAL.

... We are supposed to find God through  
Church, prayers, sacraments, statues.  
But sometimes NONE of these comes across.

And we feel like screaming,  
"GOD—please, I want YOU.

I need you,  
not just laws and dogmas about you.  
I need you. SOMEONE! SOMEONE!"

The Living God is a PERSON.  
Plastic Jesus is a THING.

We can search for God  
as a PERSON or a thing.  
If we want a person  
and reach for a thing,  
we will get a thing  
that can never be a person.

When God, Church, Sacraments, Liturgy  
become things—forget God.  
He isn't there.

## Plastic Jesus is a THING

When God becomes a person who loves US  
and asks for a like response  
BECAUSE He loves us,  
THEN religion is real. . . .

Prayer is NOT

"a time for saying words."  
It's simply the overflow of a heart that  
KNOWS it is always in the presence  
—a communicating presence—  
of a trusted, loved SOMEONE.

Sometimes the overflow is spoken,  
sometimes not;

sometimes formal,

sometimes just soul talk;

sometimes alone,

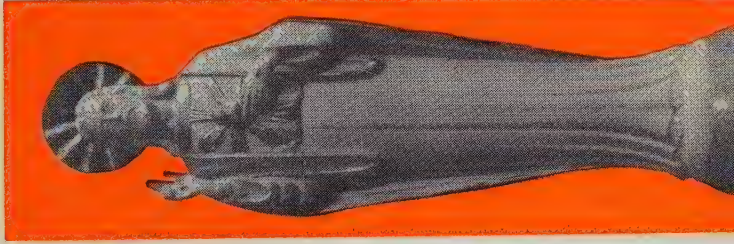
sometimes in common-unity  
with many others.

But ALWAYS

just the overflow of a person  
who has said

YES to someone.

Without that—ZERO!











# GOD

*signs to man*

## HE

People communicate through signs.

There is no other way.

Signs spanning two people are bridges over which meaning travels.

But people make signs.

Between poor senders

and poor receivers

are poor signs

and little communication.

Words are signs, and gifts,

letters, and flowers.

A prom corsage pressed in a scrapbook speaks volumes . . .

A sign is a sign

when it is seen with the heart.

A wedding ring is a sign—

on newlyweds

the bands of metal are not metal,

but two lives eternally united.

On a tray in a pawnshop

they mean nothing.

They are only metal

and remain just metal.

A sign not accepted with the heart

is no sign.

*signed so hard the Sign  
took flesh & Blood*

*lived for us  
died*

*+ took*

so we might join Him,

create with Him.

God's sign was a Word,

the Word of God, Jesus.

But any sign, even Jesus,

if not seen with heart,

is mute, plastic.

Another name for sign,

for Jesus, is Sacrament.

A sacrament

communicate, understand,  
and become ONE. . . .

Sacraments enrich everything  
truly human.

They are communications:  
God-With-Us.

. . . A girl said,

"I do not believe.

I want to feel God too much.

What color is His skin?

What is the sound of His voice?

The meaning of His name?"

She does not believe

in Plastic Jesus

or the Church as simply

a building of stone

or mere facts ABOUT someone

in place of a LIVING oneness

WITH someone.

But she believes in GOD.

Another,

"I'm too alive to believe.

I love dancing, sports,

games, picnics, parties.

I feel deeply

with the people of Vietnam,

the social agonies of our time.

Just too alive."

But Faith IS being alive,

alive to the world,

accepting your responsibility



It's simple to substitute obedience to a law for a living Faith. . . .

We can have Plastic Jesus by dead obedience to laws.

No faith, no freedom, no response is necessary at all.

The Living God is somewhere else.

To believe (to live as a child of God) that I have dignity, honor, great worth,

is the start of freedom.

Because I AM ME, many things, actions, attitudes, are worthy of me.

Not because a law said to do this, avoid that, jump, sit, stand, walk, but because I am ME.

Laws may show the way, illuminate what is worthy and unworthy. But,

laws are not ultimate reasons.

What counts is YOUR code, your faith, your freedom, your honor at stake.

. . . It is your choice.

To use or serve, to reverence or play with, to respect or drag down.

and the  
world  
needs  
your  
light  
to  
shine  
through it

with its ups and downs,  
or slide off into a dream world. . . .  
A terrible temptation is to quit the fight:  
"I'm not understood."

"The world is phoney; I want out."

"What's the difference?

Every one else is doing it."

It doesn't work.

It is YOU—no one else—

standing in the middle of the world.

"I accept reality.

I will leave it better than I found it."

. . . The world desperately needs action and it needs people, but . . .

it needs action accompanied by people

BURNING with Soul, with spirit.

People who can see, and hear,

and feel, and care.

People with VISION.

To build a house is half the job.

People must make it a home.

A community, whether church, school, team,

must be more than people herded together;

it must be a common-unity,

bonded together by a tangible

SPIRIT, a common FAITH.

There is all the difference in the world

between one who teaches and a teacher.

one who plays an instrument and a musician,

one who goes to church and a believer.

It is your choice.

Be satisfied with  
nothing less than  
the Word! Who  
came that we "may  
have life + have  
it more abundantly

No one can do it  
for you  
No one can do it  
but you.